THE

EPILOGUE

To his GRACE

James Duke of *Ormond's*

Laſt Speech to Her Majeſty, at his Departure for Flanders.

The Epilogue before the Speech is ſtrange,
That's true, but now the World's inclin'd to change.

MADAM,

IN due Obedience to your ſacred Will,
Now, that fair Gales the broad-ſpread Sails do fill,
I'll uſe the Indulgence of the' obſequious Air,
And ſtraight my Courſe to well-known *Flanders* ſteer;
But, it doth grieve me, that (they ſay) I go
Only to fight the Shadow of a Foe,
Already bow'd to your all conquering Crown,
Begging ſcarce half the Realms, he call'd his own.
O! that I had been grac'd with this command,
When Monſieur clipt, and ſtript his Neighbour's Land,
I'd lead your Troops o're his triumphing Neck,
Without dependance on *Prince Eugene's* Beck.
Like *Alexander*, I'd deſpiſe the Gold,
And for your Glory, would tramp down the bold
And daring Foe. No Bribes ſhou'd buy my Pains,
Your Profit and your Honour are my Gains.
This day I'd act, what may be done this day:
I fear no want of Bread, for lack of Pay.
(One avaricious Doctor, and one Poor,
Did never yet a wealthy Patient cure:
How may they do't? Can this one want his Bread,
Or that ſay, here's enough, till he be dead?)
No ſinking *Dutch*, *Savoy*, or *German* Name,
Shou'd come in competition of your Fame.
Yet that they grant, and in Deriſion ſay;
The Queen has got the Field, and we the Prey.
Largely have we extended Lines and Bounds,
At the Expence of *England's* Wealth, Blood, Wounds:
A Nation not paralell'd by one,
In the wide World; except in Parts unknown,
That Battles out their Lands, their Lives and all,
Againſt Woods, Trench, Wall, Water, Fire and Ball,
For th' only Princing of its General.
Thus banter they, and thus their Minds expreſs:
The Truth is often ſpoke in jocund dreſs;
For all that's true, made ſo by Men call'd our,
Whoſe ſole Ambition was their ſtarting Power
To place i'th' Helm, by pillaging the Land;
Enhanſing all its Wealth in their own Hand,
And leaving nothing at their Queen's command;
Themſelves to manage all, In each Debate,
Confront, Reſiſt, and Contradict the State;
For State is no more State when Wealth is gone;
'Tis that or Miracles muſt prop a Crown:
But Providence, the Guardian of the Juſt,
Baffled, and laid their monſtrous Schemes in Duſt:
And had it not, what Conſequent wou'd be,
The blindeſt in the Univerſe may ſee:
I therefore wav't, as I do now much more;
'Tis not ſo fit to rub an old-grown Sore.
The Sea-men call, Grand Majeſty adieu:
May all your Haters get, what they wiſh you.

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